

MONKEY NO SEE
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The OMEN



Volume 24 Issue 3
March 2005



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Volume 24, issue 3

March 4, 2005

layout & editing

Aaron Buchsbaum	Asshole
Jesse Frola	Assface
Josh Hilliard	Assmuncher
Stephen Morton	Assume
Abby Ohlheiser	Assassin
Michael Peterson	Asphyxiation

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Front Cover by:
Aaron Buchsbaum



to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 5 p.m. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by diskette (Mac or IBM), and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Abby Ohlheiser, Merrill C202, x4566. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to awo03@hampshire.edu

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's spankin' new website! omen.hampshire.edu

- Are you calling me a guy?
- No, I'm just saying you like the ox-cock
- Well, that's true.

Abby Ohlheiser and Aaron Buchsbaum, on Plato

THE INTRANET IS FOR PORN

Editorial

Go figure – governance.hampshire.edu is pretty goddamn useful. I “found it” off of a link from an email about the reorganization of orientation and the enhanced tutorials. I remembered trying to find all this information on the Hampshire website some time in my first year. It was there, but I had to dig. The pdf download of *Non Satis Non Scire* ended up being easier to navigate.

It seems as if the Hampshire intranet has tried to become more informative – the various committees on the governance website now list application procedures as opposed to “contact [insert name and extension here] for more information.” It is a slightly expanded, more interactive version of the NSNS pdf: All the information plus a handy organizational chart! If you’ve seen Tom Doherty’s chart, think cleaner lines, more committees, and no humor.

I don’t know how long governance.hampshire.edu has been up. Most people I asked about it either still don’t know what it is or remember the link in the orientation email from last week. I know that most of the information on the website has been available on the intranet for awhile, though rather hard to track down. Governance provides a whole bunch of information with accompanying documents in one location. Of course, you have to find that location first. It seems as if navigating the Hampshire website is only easy if you know the correct phrase to put before .hampshire.edu. The search engine is rarely helpful.

What is happening with reorganization

on the Hampshire intranet is great. The bars at the top can pretty much direct you to where you want to go... if you know what office covers the information you need. It would be a successful website if internet users were not, by nature, stupid and lazy. If you move things around you need to spell it out. “Look at what a good job we did!” is useless unless it’s accompanied by “and here’s how you use our new, scary, system.” It could be as simple as an alert to the general restructuring and organization of the information. There are a couple easy ways to navigate the intranet but most people seem to be unaware of them, and generally think that the intranet is useless.

Then again, it’s not surprising. The noble attempt at a successful Hampshire message board has not yet worked. I still check the jolt for information. If we were a smart group of people, we would use the Hampshire intranet ride board in the forum. It’s secure – the Jolt ride board puts your contact information in the open internet. You can get that information through Google. The Hampshire message board also provides a connection to Hampshire staff: ask a question and a staff member or involved student can give you an answer. Unfortunately, if nobody asks questions, fewer people will check to give answers. It’s a vicious cycle that only time might fix.

This editorial, in summary: I discovered a new part of the intranet through a loosely-related all-campus email. I was impressed with what I saw, but I wish I had known about it much earlier. Also, the message board doesn’t work because nobody uses it.



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire’s longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students’ perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person’s reputation.

The *Omen* will not edit anything you write

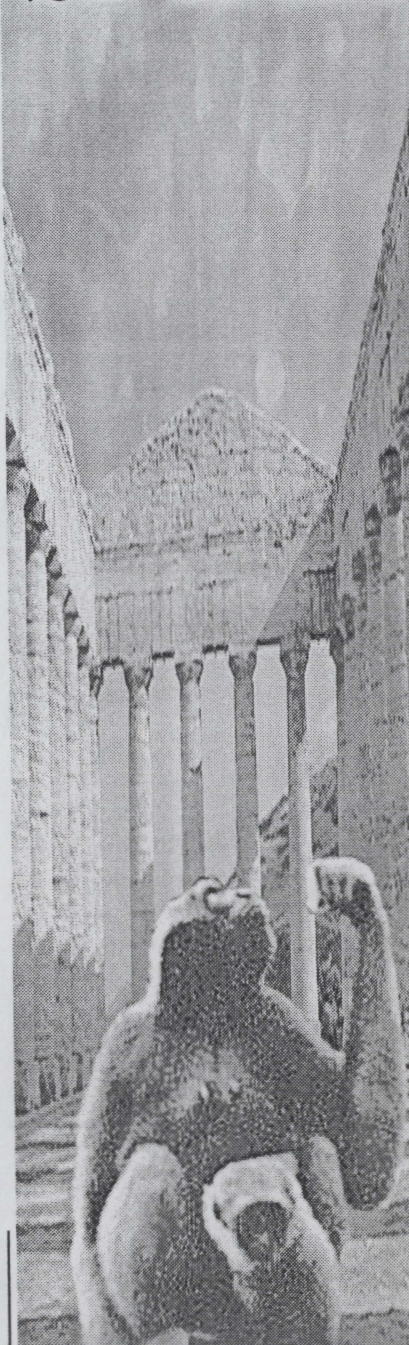
(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Kiva at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

NON SATIS SCIRE, OR SOMETHING (A DIV III RANT)

Ralph Nader had a scolding applause line in the 2000 campaign, aimed at any young people in the audience: "if you don't turn on to politics, politics will turn on you." I arrived at Hampshire in the Fall of 2001, just before 9/11, anxious to take up his call. A funny thing has happened in the intervening period. Politics turned on us in any number of major ways (from cutting Pell Grants to the war in Iraq) -- and we're either yawning or gazing at our navels. If anything, Hampshire is a less politically active campus today than it was when I started here. In fact, most of you have already turned the page to read the latest installment of barely-coherent drivel about reality television. Some of you are still focused on my simplistic and problematic use of categories such as "politics" and "us", a practice which is bound up in systems of hierarchy and social privilege. (That was sarcastic, folks.)

It could be because I'm a reclusive Div III just returned from field study, but I'm not even witnessing any extended serious conversations about our role in shaping the political future of a nation which is now almost completely controlled by the radical right.

It's possible this is the only progressive institution in America where those conversations aren't happening. Environmentalists are abuzz over a speech by the former president of the Sierra Club proclaiming the death of their movement. Feminists are

arguing passionately about a recent essay calling for a radically different rhetorical approach to the political debate over abortion. Gay rights groups are struggling to settle on a new political and legal strategy in the wake of the anti-gay marriage backlash. Labor unions are considering huge structural changes in an attempt to become relevant again. Even the Democratic Party, in a political tailspin, just chose Howard Dean, who was something of a national joke this time a year ago, to chair its national committee.

All of this is happening out in the open, and not just among political elites: pragmatic, profound conversations about how to build a new American left are happening everywhere, from cyberspace to coffee shops. Virtually everyone I know at Hampshire has at least some interest in the political groups mentioned above. And the conservative movement, having seized control of the federal government and bullied the press into submission, is now turning its fire to academia, which means we have a vested self-interest in fighting back. But we're still not engaging in the realities of national politics, preferring to fight the same provincial battles and continue the same irrelevant conversations using an academic vocabulary that hasn't changed in decades.

Hampshire aims to "graduate men and women with the skills and perspectives needed for

continued on next page

by: Michael Sherrard

AND YOU THOUGHT THERE WERE ONLY 9 LEVELS OF HELL: POLITICS AT HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE

So, I was busy today, walking all around campus and freezing my ass off when a poster caught my eye.

Poster sez: "HEY YOU! Obedient member of Consumer Culture..."

Considering the fact that my wildest dream is to grow up to become a consumer whore and I like the crazy mystery ellipses, I decided to keep reading.

Poster sez: <Insert picture of two women having mad passionate sex>

Okay, so they weren't having sex. One was showing the other jewelry. But that clerk was looking a little too happy for handing a bracelet to the girl. She's just hoping their hands will touch, and they'll look into each others eyes and...Wow, this poster's getting HOT.

Poster sez: "Is this getting boring...Try Collective Action Instead!"

Well, with the constant random capitalization and grammar errors, someone obviously

never passed high school English. And there's our friend the ellipses again. Oh and, what's getting boring? Buying stuff? That's fun! A horny jewelry store clerk hitting on some unaware but curious girl buying a bracelet? Well...

Then I finally figured out what they meant...their poster was boring! I sort of made up my own words for the rest of it until I noticed in little writing near the bottom:

Poster sez: "We are a small committed group come and help us make our community closer and more political."

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Because if anything, Hampshire is obviously not political. We're just a bastion of apathy despite our well thought-out political opinions. In fact, I was simply horrified when I got here that no one stood for making loud outlandish statements with no backing. Or that people didn't turn into a hateful mindless mob of sheep whenever someone shouted a contrary opinion.

The politics here are so open and genius. I find it hilarious when my teachers spout unrelated propaganda when we should be concentrating on our studies. It's a blast picking on the republican kids on campus and calling them "fascists" because it's not like we live in a society of free speech or anything. Or maybe we can concentrate on the fact that so many people feel the need to be super politically correct and then paint swastikas on bathroom mirrors, because

gosh darn it, "the man" is really being such a "Nazi".

Well, if anything I commend them on their dedication, since they're a "committed group" and we all know how committed Hampshire students are to political issues. So obviously, we can expect them to have opinions and enthusiasm about issues longer than the week they chose to rant about it. Maybe they might actually keep focused long enough so that they don't forget to actually come to a resolution on said issues?

But I don't mean to pick to just pick on this activist group. I hope they'll be very productive. But if the campus is to become more political it needs involvement from BOTH sides, not just another outlet for a liberal pissing match.

I'm not saying the conservatives on campus are saints or martyrs. You guys could be making some steps yourself for some co-existence, like for example, finding interesting, smart conservatives to come to campus rather than just some guy who's convinced the Lord of the Rings is symbolic for capitalism.

Hampshire needs to more political? Fine. Hampshire needs a better grasp of what politics are first though, since the people around you are not always going to be rich people who agree with every word you say. It's time to get over ourselves and pop the Hampshire bubble.

continued from previous

understanding and participating responsibly in a complex world." We're very good at the perspectives and the understanding. It's a shame we can't seem to get serious about the skills and the participation.

(For my fellow computer nerds, I've posted this as an weblog entry at <http://redallover.org/>. Comments, including criticism, are more than welcome.)





FROM POLITICALLY CONFUSED STUDENT TO WELL-MEANING PROFESSOR

by: David Morganson

Rational Decisions Professor,
I thought it would be right that I inform you of my situation while requesting an incomplete for this semester, since it was in part your guidance that which led me to this outcome.

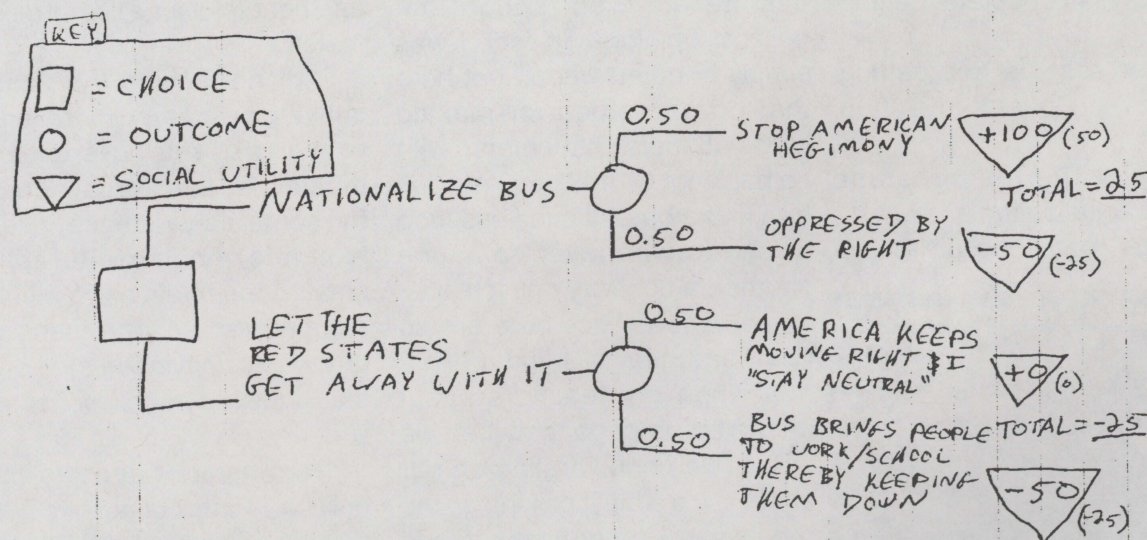
I have been concentrating on using rationality more in my everyday life.

I also try to help others in this by pointing out that most of the things they believe are stupid and illogical, as was explained in our text *Rational Choice in an Uncertain World*. All of the decisions leading up to my present state have followed the four criteria of rational choice:

1. Based on the decision maker's current assets.
2. Based on possible consequences of the choice.
3. When consequences are uncertain, based on rules of probability.
4. Choice is adaptive based on constraints of probabilities and values associated with each possible consequence resulting from choice.

I have gone ahead and included a demonstration of the decision tree complete with a subjective Social Utility value, which weighs each outcome as it relates to the Common Good. It is too bad that most people haven't evolved as much as we have (as evident in their not thinking the same as us), and I cheer their demise as a benefit to the Common Good. "Creatures inadvertently wrong in their inductions have a pathetic but praiseworthy tendency to die before reproducing their kind."—Orman

When will the Red States learn this? It is totally so true, even if they maintain that it is just another theory and won't let people force public school kids to repeat it as fact.



Note: I calculated all the probabilities (0.50) using statistical data from only non-biased sources like the ACLU, Amnesty International and Planned Parenthood.

What I have found is that while most people are too simple to grasp the logic of my new outlook, Republicans are especially apt to root against the Common Good. In particular they question my Altruism that guides me in deciding what is and is not for the Common Good. And here is where my problem lies. I am a prisoner of simpletons who do not yet grasp our new way of life, and seek instead to postpone the inevitability of it by holding me here. (Most people also think that the Underground

Railroad was run by a bunch of Puritans when in fact everyone who ever helped end slavery was a homosexual Atheist working for Communism. The religious Right tries to take full credit for everything!) After I made the logical decision to arise for Social Justice, I came to the conclusion that my having the use of a vehicle was for the Common Good, as it would allow me to travel to those "Red States" where the greatest need is in furthering our cause. The vehicle that which would afford me the greatest utility was calculated to be the PVTA bus that which I was riding on at the time when I had completed my decision tree. When the driver stepped out to check the tires, I liberated the bus for the Common Good. Not long after this, I noticed that my passengers became more interested in making War than Love (I learned in another course that love is just a social construct anyhow.) Soon, some passengers stopped the bus and wrestled me to the floor. In retrospect, I believe I made an error in my calculation of the probability that I would be oppressed by the Right. Apparently my Representative Heuristic led me to think my fellow passengers were not Right Wing nut-jobs, which they obviously were. Originally, I had figured it was me vs. the bus driver, hence the 0.50 probability of successfully Nationalizing the bus. The probability was in fact more like 0.10 that I would succeed in Social Justice, since there was one bus driver plus 8 angry passengers (Total=9) against myself (1 in 10).

I have tried to explain to my captors (the KGB-like Amherst PD) that Nationalizing the bus was the

Most people also think that the Underground Railroad was run by a bunch of Puritans when in fact everyone who ever helped end slavery was a homosexual Atheist working for Communism.

rational thing to do. I even showed them my rational decision tree. They are such religious zealots that they can't understand reason. I am terrified that I will be sent to camp X-ray and tried as a terrorist. Almost everyone is sent there these days. You may say that my Availability Heuristic leads me to make unrepresentative assumptions because I discredit anything that is on Fox News, and believe everything that is in the NY Times editorials,

but if you did say that, you would be an enemy of the Common Good. Ashcroft is after me, and we work from there. I have now given up on teaching the savage un-evolved Americans rationality, and am now trying to explain the Sunk Cost theory. You know the one. Like when you pay for a movie (the sunk cost) then you have to decide whether or not to finish it. It is illogical to factor in the cost of the movie when deciding to stay or do something more fun, because if you watch it all or not, the cost is in both decisions and all outcomes. It is illogical to force yourself to watch the whole thing just because you paid for it, when you could be doing something else more fun. Well even if I did do something "wrong" (another oppressive social construct) by "stealing" (another irrational religious ownership-society construct) the bus it should not affect their decision of whether or not to take me prisoner, because it is a sunk cost like the price paid for the meal.

I wish they would just keep their laws off my body and stop repeating their Right Wing talking points long enough to think globally. They are SO IRRATIONAL.

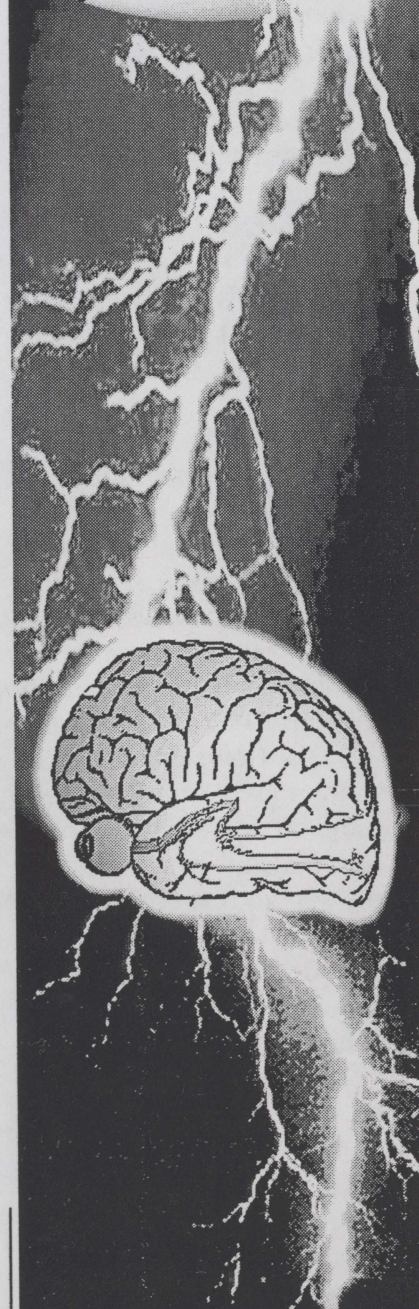
Anyhow, I hope you will be fair in allowing me to file an incomplete for your course now that you see my situation. Could you let me do this as an independent study (if you don't it's officially McCarthyism, and I'll be at your faculty review to protest!)

Thanks! (as if there is "free will" and I'm not already entitled to everything)

—David Morganson



SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

AFTER THE END (PART 1)

Davis gunned the van and shot through the intersection, twitching each time a bullet ricocheted off the armored sides of his vehicle. He muttered some curse under his breath, and jerked the wheel to the side, sending the van careening down a small side alley. With a new city, came a new pharmacy, and a new gang.

Robert Frost had been wrong. There was no fire, no ice. The cinematic craze over meteors had been ill-founded. What finally did in 99% of the world's population was a tiny organism, too small for the eye to see. No one knew where it came from. Some claimed it was God's retribution, others, that it was some laboratory experiment gone horribly wrong. Either way, it didn't really matter, because the results were the same.

Transmitted through the air, the plague quickly spread across the globe. Those fortunate enough to be healthy watched as all around, people submitted to the disease: it would start with chills and shivering. The affected would soon bleed from sores and begin coughing up blood. After only a few days, most would die from internal bleeding. In only a few months, this tiny organism nearly wiped out the most powerful species to ever call Earth home.

Davis was one of the lucky ones, if you considered being a survivor in an empty, lawless world lucky. Davis reflected that at first, it was kind of neat. Pretty much everything was free now, and he had amassed a fine

collection of all the things he had wanted to have in life when he didn't have enough money to buy them. Then he realized he didn't need any of it. What he needed was his insulin.

Davis was a diabetic. And he quickly came to the conclusion that the pharmacy in his town had only so much insulin, and that eventually, he would have to venture out to find more. In a matter of weeks, he collected a large amount of firearms and ammunition, hoarded gasoline, and armored his van. The one inch thick steel plates offered excellent protection to the vehicle, as did the all-terrain tires and lattice work of steel mesh over the windshield.

Davis traveled the freeways, stopping in every city of size, and searching every pharmacy he could find, all in the hope of finding some insulin. 99% of the humanity was gone, but that 1% that was left was made up of some tough bastards. Those still alive were predatory, fierce. Men indiscriminately killed other men, and captured any women that could be found to be their wives, to 'further the human race'. If anything, it was as if some type of caveman was operating in the 21st century.

So Davis found himself in another city, trying to find another pharmacy. Evading the gangs that invariably cropped up in these larger cities had become his secondary priority, right after finding insulin. He tore down the alley and braced himself as his van crashed through the burned out husk of a

continued on page 15

by: Josh Hilliard



by: Michael Petersen

"Good evening, Brenda."

"Brandon."

"I mean, Brandon."

"Brenda."

"Brenda."

"Brandon."

"Brandon."

"No, it's Brenda."

"I meant Brenda."

"Actually it's Brandon."

"Of course, Brandon."

"I'd prefer it if you'd introduce me as Brenda."

"Ladies and Gentlemen, here is Brenda."

"You mean Brandon."

"Yes, Brandon."

"Brenda."

"Bren...so...uh...So what is it like to be the world's only genuine midget amputee hermaphrodite? Are you faced with a lot of discrimination?"

"Oh heavens no! In fact, whenever I'm going in for the latest job interview, my interviewers are always so supportive."

"Speaking of work, what is it that a unique person like yourself does for a living?"

"Oh, I am an actor."

"Oh, really? That's fascinating. What kind of films do you specialize in?"

"Snuff, mostly, though I am looking to branch out into other genres."

"Snuff? Can you explain any further?"

"Oh, sure. They're porno films where someone gets murdered at the end. They get sold to sickos and perverts, like, you know, ministers, politicians, CEOs, drug addicts,

Dahmer wannabes, Republicans, etc."

"Murdered? Oh my God!"

"Yeah, it's tough sometimes. Always being bludgeoned to death with your prosthetic arm and all."

"Bludgeoned to death!"

"Yeah. In fact, I remember this one film that I was in. They nailed my testicles to a table while I was being gang-raped simultaneously by three men with gigantism—" "OH MY GOD! JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!"

"SHHH!!! Don't fucking interrupt me! I haven't even gotten to the sick part yet. Anyway, while this was all going on, this lesbo was licking my face and she had this yellow tongue and it had all this hair growing out of it and it was really, really, really gross."

"What the fuck?!? Haven't you ever considered going to the police about this?"

"About the tongue? Well, I once considered having her license revoked, but there really wasn't much I could do about it. I mean, there isn't a law against having a hairy yellow tongue and our films are supposed to be edgy and stuff, but you know, I really don't want something like that touching me."

"I don't think that the tongue is the issue here!"

"Oh, the guys. Look, that whole "gigantism" thing was probably just a load of bullshit. I have a feeling that those three guys had medical

ANTEDILUVIAN FUCKAGE: PART 2

"help" in making their dicks so big. Besides, my anus is pretty loose from my other occupation, anyway."

"Other occupation?"

"Oh yeah, did I mention it? I also do prostitution on the side."

"Prostitution!"

"Yeah, you'd be surprised.

Lots of rich guys like me to do kinky shit to them. I'm also good for multiple partners."

"Multiple partners?"

"Yeah, I once did a three-way with George W. Bush and Osama bin Laden, you know, back when we were still "allies." In fact, it was that whole affair that made him so hoppin' mad and now here we are with this whole war on terror thing. Speaking of that, I also fucked Lynne and Dick Cheney at the same time too. Lynne was a cold fish, but let me say, they don't call him Dick for nothing. Woof! I mean, with his wife and all, I can understand why he phoned me over."

"Oh...God...Well, that's... my station manager...holding up my pink slip, so I think we had better wrap up this little interview. Thank you for being on our show, Brenda."

"Brandon."

"Brandon."

"Brenda."

"Brenda."

"Brandon."

"Brandon."

"Brenda."

"Brenda."

"Brandon."

"Brandon."

ANTEDILUVIAN FUCKAGE Pt.2 (CONTINUED)

about it than I would."

"So do we have a deal?"

"Well, I have always wanted to be able to say that I wrote a novel and, let's face it, modern literature is all a bunch of shit, anyway, so what's one more piece of it?"

Ronald Reagan was a pussy. If he had a pair of real balls, he would have nuked those Commie Russian bastards for real. Just goes to show that Commie Ronnie was a stool pigeon for the Soviets and if you think that they're gone then I've got news for you, buddy. The Commies just went underground. The fall of Soviet Russia was a front and now they have secret Comies controlling all branches of every government in the world. I'm the only freedom fighter left because all the others have been brainwashed by the Communist indoctrination system (otherwise known as "public education") but I homeschooled my boy and taught him Christianity, unlike these public schools where children are forced to masturbate and engage in homosexual activities and are indoctrinated with Islam, paganism, atheism, multiculturalism, and Communism.

The capitalists are controlling our minds through their corporate media chains. It is up to them to establish the discourse that the general public follows. Everyone of our leaders is capitalist and every government has been

capitalist, even the so-called Communist countries of China and the Soviet Union, who were kept alive by capitalist bankers and financiers. The education system is all capitalist, indoctrinating our children with selfish capitalist morals, white paternalist thinking, Zionism, and patriarchy. That's why I homeschool my child: to protect him from capitalistic indoctrination from Madison Avenue and Wall Street. Viva Fidel Castro!

"I need help," said the villager.

"What help do you need, my child?" the village pedoph...er, priest, asked.

"I have been overwhelmed by my lust after Michael Jackson, Father."

"Michael Jackson, my child?"

"You know? The King of Pop."

"Ah, yes, the King of Pop. He's quite a hottie."

"Do you really think so? Even after all the plastic surgery?"

"More than ever. Ahem. Weren't you the one overwhelmed by your lust for him in the first place? I hardly believe that I can be criticized for something you are also afflicted by."

"But I'm not afflicted by it. I just had a suspicion that you were in love with him and now I'm calling you out."

"Well, I was just playing along because I thought you..." he laughed, "You mean, you thought...Ha Ha Ha!"

"Don't fuck with me, priestly. Let's hear the shit straight for once or I'm telling the Pope."

"Well, like I said, there's not anything to tell. I don't lust after Michael Jackson and I think that you are just trying to change the subject from your own fixation. Confession can be a difficult process. Come clean and God will forgive."

"Fuck God! Fuck you! Fuck Michael Jackson!"

"Fuck Michael Jackson! How dare you?! If I wasn't a man of the cloth, I'd kill you on the spot!"

"Ha, I caught you. Why did you respond to the words 'Fuck Michael Jackson' instead of 'Fuck God' or 'Fuck you'? Huh, priestly! Huh?!?!?" The pedo-priest broke down into tears.

"I admit it. I have had certain...impure thoughts."

"What kind of impure thoughts, my child?"

"It starts with Michael Jackson. He's wearing a tight leather suit that comes up to his pierced nipples and stops just above his penis. His penis is stiff, inviting, hard. I'm laying there, wearing a diaper. I've just taken a shit. Then suddenly he urinates all over my face."

"Continue, continue. We must describe these thoughts in order to purge them."

"But I don't want to purge them! I just want Michael's cock up my ass!"

"Wait a minute. Why are you pretending to be a priest?"

"I'm not pretending to be a

priest. You're the one calling me priestly."

"That's because you called me your child."

"But so did you!"

"Nuh-uh!"

"Uh-huh!"

"Well, fine! But you started it!"

"All right. Maybe I am pretending to be a Catholic priest. I don't really know why I do it. I just thought it would be a useful way to channel my propensities for lying and pedophilia. I was hoping I could become a Pope. Or an anti-Pope. Perhaps split the Church like it did back in the Middle Ages."

"So you basically want to be the anti-Christ?"

"I thought the Pope was the anti-Christ! At least that's what some billboard said. And who am I to argue with a billboard?"

"It is true. We should not argue with billboards for corporations are always looking out for our best interests."

"Maybe I should become an Austrian."

"Move to Austria?"

"No, an Austrian economist!"

"You mean that you want to move to Austria and become an economist? Why not become an economist in the good old U S of A? We've nuked more ragheads than those krauts over there. They've got us beat in one category, though. Hell, they even elected a fucking Nazi to the head of their government. But when you take it all into account, it's clear that the US is best for rich, white male economists like you. Besides, Europeans are all a bunch of commies, anyway."

"No, I meant the Austrian School of Economics! But you do make a good point. Maybe you should become one too. You'd fit in pretty well."

"Fuck off."

I wanna be a man. I wanna be a man's man. I wanna watch football, man. I wanna join the fuckin' NRA, man, and be like fuckin' Chuckin' Heston, man. (Minus the fuckin' senility, man.) I wanna kick some fuckin' ass and break some fuckin' heads. Towelheads, preferably, though kicking some fuckin' hippy ass would do nicely. I hate fuckin' hippies. They're fuckin' scumbag pieces of shit who deserve to be fuckin' exterminated. That's why I need to pay my fuckin' NRA dues. I just like, don't want to risk my fuckin' life in any of this shit, man. I'll leave that fuckin' shit to the fuckin' guys on fuckin' television. Like fuckin' Toby Keith. He's a badass muthafucka. Sorry if I sounded like some fuckin' black guy from a fuckin' 70's film there. It's the fuckin' TV. Oh, did I fuckin' mention the whole fuckin' anti-white male conspiracy? It's all this fuckin' rap bullshit on MTV. It's fuckin' everywhere! Undermining our fuckin' Christian values. Indoctrinating our fuckin' kids in fuckin' radical Satanic Islam. It was fuckin' MTV that fuckin' engineered the fuckin' 9/11 attacks, along with the fuckin' liberals, the fuckin' feminists, the fuckin' gays, the fuckin' pagans, the fuckin' ACLU and the fuckin' People for the fuckin' American Way. I know, because fuckin' Jerry and fuckin' Pat told me. In

fact, I like fuckin' Jerry and fuckin' Pat so much that I'm almost fuckin' attracted to them. Don't fuckin' tell them that, though. And I'd just like to say that I am Not fuckin' Gay! You fuckin' hear that, motherfuckers? NOT FUCKIN' GAY! NOT FUCKIN' GAY! FUCKIN' NOT FUCKIN' FUCKIN' GAY YOU FUCKIN' LIBERAL HIPPIE PONDSCUM PIECES OF MOTHERFUCKING SHIT! FUCK ALL OF YOU FUCKIN' DIRTBAG HIPPIES WHO HATE FUCKIN' AMERICA AND LOVE FUCKIN' SADDAM! FUCKIN' FUCK ALL OF YOU! FUCKIN' BITCHES! FUCK YOU FUCKIN' NOW BITCHES! FUCKIN' LESBOS! FUCKIN' WHORES! I'M NOT A FUCKIN' GAY BOY! FUCKIN'!!!!!! I'm just fuckin' saying that I'd definitely fuckin' engage in three-way fuckin' fuckage with fuckin' Jerry and fuckin' Pat if I had the fuckin' chance. Even though fuckin' Pat has wrinkled fuckin' testicles and a teeny fuckin' weenie. Fuckin' trust me.

Send your fuckin' complaints to Idontfuckingiveafuck@fuckinfuckoff.org, you fuckin' yelping fuckin' PC feminazi whining hippy pieces of fuckin' shit!

Date: Thu 22 Nov 2003 09:58:32

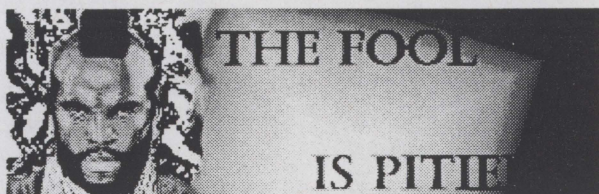
From: fuckyouwhoreassbitch@bitemyass.com

To: Idontfuckingiveafuck@fuckinfuckoff.org

Subject: Fuck off

> Fuck off.





THE LIFE PLATONIC- INSTALLMENT I

"At first a shudder runs through him, and again the old awe steals over him; then looking upon the face of his beloved as of a god he reverences him, and if he were not afraid of being thought a downright madman, he would sacrifice to his beloved as to the image of a god; then while he gazes on him there is a sort of reaction, and the shudder passes into an unusual heat and perspiration." (Plato, on physical manifestations of Love; *Phaedrus* 1937 tr. B Jowett)

About 2,380 years ago there was a man named Plato, a Greek man, quite stoic if the paintings are to be believed. He was a philosopher what thought hard about thought, what considered long sundry considerations, and what pondered deep myriad ponderances.

No, 'ponderances' is not a word, and yes the sentence as a whole may be awkwardly read. But here, in lieu of some seamless more readable introduction I wish the reader to prepare for what might (but I daresay, shouldn't) be a diatribe. The language and demeanor are intended for some modicum of contemplation, and especially to provide an extra or unusual substance conducive to exploring the subject-matter (revealed just below). Where semiotics may at points fail my audience, or perhaps worse altogether confuse them, I pray that the ultimate gesture of this tale becomes worth your time and effort, that the anachronistic use of punctuation and syntax

takes you, briefly, from whatever immediacy it is that surrounds and, it can be argued, prevents your adventures in thought. Too, honesty compels me to confess, this is an experiment in both escapism and reflection for the author, whose Div III is altogether lacking in the former, and has thus far afforded little measure towards the latter.

This is the first in a series of articles exploring the concept of 'Platonic' Love, the goal being a careful comparison between the Love described by Plato in his writings (principally, the *Symposium*) and those types of relationships that, in our modern experience, might be referred to as 'Platonic'. Quotes from several of Plato's writings will be used and/or discussed, as will those of seemingly credible analyses provided by the Internet. The bulk of the discussion will rely on musings from mine own personal experience, and seek to develop compelling attitudes towards 'Platonic' Love, along with what today might be its appropriate usage.

The word 'Platonic' will here describe one of two things (others may wish to add more definitions*):

1. An actual asexual kinship between two (or more) people where sexual tension might otherwise exist. More importantly this implies a lack of influence by the libido (sexual drive and energies derived from it) on the kinship, thus allowing its members to seek fulfillment without subtexts, pretenses, or similar unspoken tensions arising from physical

attraction. This is, one might say, the *pure* modern usage of the word 'Platonic'.

2. A kinship where sexual attraction on the part of one or both parties has been acknowledged in extended conversation, and by mutual consent determined to remain in some inactive form. Herein lies a greater potential for peril – most probably as a result of one participant's growing desire to engage in physical intimacy, or else due to the sudden upwelling of repressed libido between both parties.

These definitions are, I should make clear, modern applications of the word 'Platonic' as derived from personal reflection and popular use. They are intended to be considerate and carefully worded, enough so to provide a framework within which I might discuss the subject-matter more thoroughly. However, they are unlikely to be static and are by no means comprehensive.

"He [Love] is a great spirit (*daimon*), and like all spirits he is intermediate between the divine and the mortal." "And what," [Socrates] said, "is his power?" "He interprets," [Diotama] replied, "between gods and men, conveying and taking across to the gods the prayers and sacrifices of men, and to men the commands and replies of the gods; he is the mediator who spans the chasm which divides them, and therefore in him all is bound together, and through him the arts of the prophet and the priest, their sacrifices and mysteries and charms, and all, prophecy and incantation, find their way. For

God mingles not with man; but through Love . . ."

"... [L]ove is of the everlasting possession of the good, all men will necessarily desire immortality together with good: Wherefore love is of immortality" (Plato, *Symposium* tr. B. Jowett).

Plato's discourse on Love, as presented in his *Symposium* c. 360 B.C., describes a journey from the specific and sensuous (fucking one body for yourself and one other) to the general and genetic (sublimating timeless Human aspirations for all to see). The act of Love itself is described as being 'of' something, the way a father is the father 'of' a son, or a brother that 'of' a brother. Here Love is 'of the everlasting possession of the good' (tr. B. Jowett), where the immortal aspirations

named 'Good' and 'Beauty' are likewise 'of' Love. As I understand it Love is the pinnacle of these abstract – yet wholly tangible, for they can be attained and truly felt – ideals, and is discovered through the approximation of 'Good' and 'Beauty' via increasingly refined routes: first through forms (bodies), second through institutions and laws, and finally through sciences and philosophy. This incremental progression towards 'wisdom' (here encompassing those concepts that when sublimated beyond their Earthen expression become Love) is in many ways a surprisingly rational approach to find Love, to experience that part of Life, The Universe, and Everything, greater than which there is nothing.

This is very terse introduction

to Plato's writings, but I hope it at least gets your gears running. Any disagreements, questions, concerns with the content of this installment of 'The Life Platonic', *please e-mail me: afb01@hampshire.edu. Next issue I will formally delve into the semantics of 'Platonic' Love in our day, the role of libido in our search for Love, and how its influence may fluctuate with age or in response to other factors affecting stability. For those of you so inclined, translations of the *Symposium* can be found easily enough on-line (Google. . .), as can a number of analyses, criticisms, and explanations. I hope this serial proves to be an insightful tangent for those readers who follow it, as well as myself.



continued from page 8

AFTER THE FALL . . .

station-wagon. The remains of wrecked and burnt buildings crowded around the street, the rubble and rubbish creating a hazardous driving experience.

"God damn gangs. Shoot at anyone they don't recognize," Davis muttered. This was not an all together new experience for Davis, but he still didn't appreciate it. Glancing ahead, he saw that his way was blocked by a wall of rubble.

He screeched to a halt and swung the van aside 90 degrees. He grabbed a shotgun and slid open the side door to the van. A man appeared in a second story window and fired a handgun in Davis's direction. A shot flickered off the pavement in front of Davis, and he returned fire with his shotgun, the blast roaring in the confines of his van. He pumped

another cartridge into the shotgun, and let lose with another blast, this time catching the man square in the chest, knocking him down out of sight.

Another man appeared on a motorcycle, and before he could reach the rifle slung across his back, Davis had pumped a blast out of his shotgun. It caught the man in the side, peppering his left leg and arm. The man fell to the ground, screaming. Davis grabbed a Molotov cocktail, lighted the wick, and tossed it at the man on the ground. The area burst into flames, and Davis could make out the man writhing on the ground.

Another group of men appeared, these in an armored car, much like Davis's van. The car bore down on him, making way to T-bone his van. Davis took

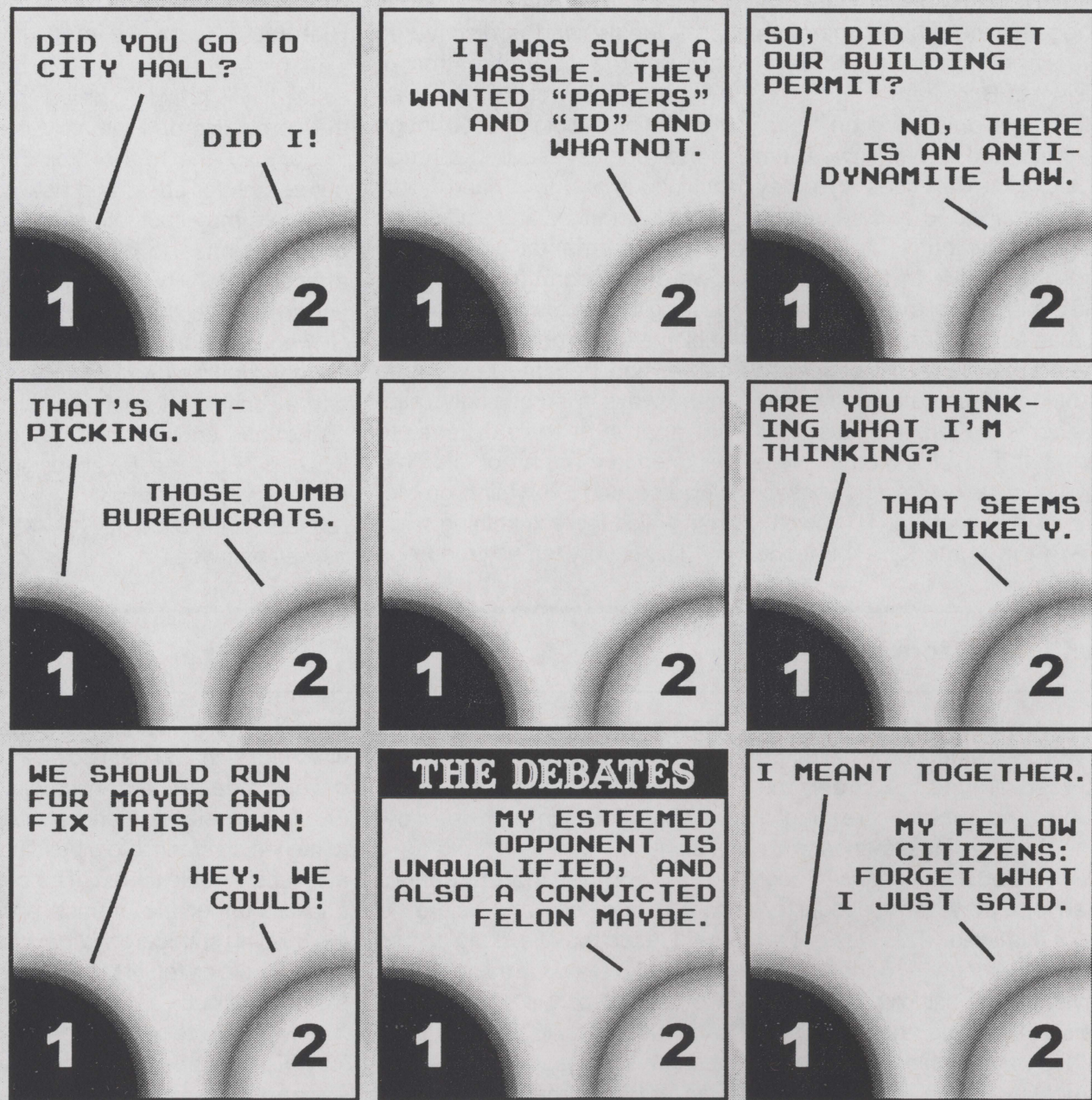
careful aim with his shotgun, and watched as the windshield on the driver's side erupted in cracks. The car accelerated and swung to the left, to crash into a building at a considerable speed. The car buckled under the impact, and the building shuddered, dropping more rubble on top of the vehicle. No one got out.

Davis took a step back into his van and waited a few seconds to see if anymore would come. None did, and he closed the sliding door and sat back down into the driver's seat. He took a few deep breaths and closed his eyes. This time was the end for many, but for Davis, it was just the beginning.

To Be
Continued...



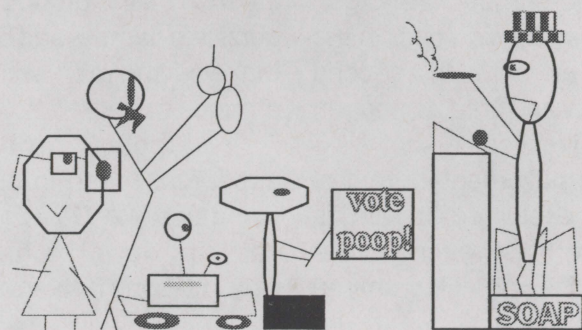
ONE and TWO | Death To The Extremist
run for MAYOR | CCLXXXVII by M. Zole



www.zole.org/extremist

THE ARTICLE GOBLINS. . . .

VOTE FOR MAYOR!!!!



OMEN OH MY

by: Stephen Morton

So there's a Merrill/Dakin game of assassin being organized for later this spring. This is pretty cool. Assassin is an awesome game. If you're not familiar, it's a game where everyone involved gets the name of someone else and you have to try and assassinate them, essentially. The specifics are variable and I don't know what this game is going to be specifically, but the point is, it's cool. So yes, this is good. Recently, however, someone took offense. I have no idea, how, or why, but all the posters have been changed to Was-sassin because of this. That's right, we will not be playing assassin, we will be playing wassassin. Isn't being PC wonderful? So, if you're offended by the word assassin, I would like you to read the following statement I have prepared:

Dear whoever you are:

[illegible]

assassin assassin assassin
assassin assassin assassin
assassin assassin assassin
assassin assassin assassin
assassin assassin assassin
assassin assassin assassin

In conclusion, we need to stop wasting money fighting middle eastern terrorists, when it's obvious that the real enemy is the sun.

assassin assassin assassin
assassin assassin assassin
assassin assassin assassin
assassin assassin assassin
Best wishes,
me.

On a completely unrelated note, Paris Hilton continues to amuse me. If you haven't heard, she got Jewed (oh my have I offended anyone?). As background, she has a Sidekick, one of those off phone hybrid things, provided by the good people at T-Mobile. Now, rather than keep information on the device, T-Mobile keeps the data on their centralized servers, which was a bit of a problem when they got hacked. Actually, they got hacked a couple times, by the same guy. He got in, and T-Mobile knew, and kicked him out, and then he got back in again. At some point, he downloaded all of Paris Hilton's data and posted it all on the internet. This included various pictures, her notebook, and her address

book, with the phone numbers of a whole lot of her fellow bad celebrities. The pictures are amusing. They fall into a few categories: paris being vain, paris with kids, paris with cute animals, and paris naked and making out with her friend. The notebook has some interesting bits, including the to do list of

Call maroon 5
Get birth control kill

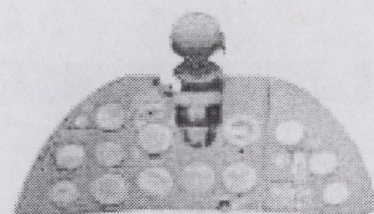
The real beauty is, however, her address book. In the wake of it becoming available, a flurry of prank calling began. It's all rather good, and you should go check it out. There's a lot of it available, I'm sure. <http://paris.elite.to/> has all the data and some recorded calls at the time of writing this. So yeah, check that out.

In conclusion, we need to stop wasting money fighting middle eastern terrorists, when it's obvious that the real enemy is the sun. I know this because I have been to the future. You can't argue with the future. Before you claim that time travel is impossible and I can't possibly know that the sun is the real enemy, I will say that

YES YOU CAN. I HAVE
DONE IT.

carry on with your
lives.





THE CONTROL PANEL

Welcome friends to the Omen's second edition of 'The Control Panel'. For those of you unfamiliar with this semi-traditional column, here's the deal. The editor-in-chief and interested staff gather:

- 1.) a small group of students
- 2.) a tape recorder
- 3.) ~20 minutes of spare time
- 4.) a topic

After gathering such requisite materials, those present begin waxing philosophic until time runs out. Topics generally revolve around Hampshire current events, bureaucracy, etc, however this is not a binding rule. If you are interested in participating in 'The Control Panel', please e-mail awo03@hampshire.edu and let us know.

This week: Hampshire and the Morality of Veganism

**** For good or ill this Control Panel discussion will be published in two parts, as it ran on quite a bit longer than anticipated. Look for the thrilling conclusion in the next edition of The Omen. ****

The evenings participants:

Jason Bertone
Shalin Scupham
Kyle Strimbeck
Libby Reinish
Andy Valaine

SS: We can start, we're centering on veganism, so uh, I guess whoever wants to make prolific statements....

KS: so who here's a vegan?

JB: I am.

AV: I am.

LR: You three [Kyle, Jason, and Andy] are?

SS: So I guess we're, uh, the savages?

LR: I guess so...

SS: I'm cool with that.

LR: Well, I'm curious to hear people's reasons for being vegan, and how long you've been vegan for.

AV: Okay, I've been vegan for a little over a year, and vegetarian for about three and a half years. When I initially became vegetarian, I wanted to make, ideally, a jump to veganism, but I ran into some obstacles with everything from how meals that were served in my house, so I started to have to make more of my own meals, and how hard it was to drop milk and cheese, because I was a gallon of milk a day drinker which is kind of outrageous but true, but, so what I did was I decided "Okay I'm going to do it in a transitional model, so I became a vegetarian and I settled into it for a couple of years, and um, basically it took me a really long time to stop, I mean, basically milk was the one thing, it took me awhile to stop, because I tried soy milk, and a lot of the flavors I was like "this doesn't measure up" and whatnot. I had the idea to become fully vegan from the start but I was, I guess, handicapped in my ability to make the full transformation due to my milk addiction, until a little over a year ago when I decided okay, enough is enough, I'm committed to doing this and milk isn't all that important to me, and vanilla soy milk is actually pretty good and I substituted that in, it was the last step I had to make. I guess the main reasons for why I mainly envisioned making the switch, I mean you have the vegetarian argument, and there's the vegan argument so I'll try to lump them together. I mean veganism is strict vegetarianism, but for just not eating meat you can make the argument that there are animals that have similar nervous systems, endocrine systems to human beings, they feel anxiety, they have a sense of anxiety, they feel pain, and it's not necessarily a moral decision to have an ownership or dominion, or to exact your will over another animal, because if they are cognizant, if they are mentally aware, then that's not, I mean who's to say that slavery is only amoral if it's human to human? And if you look at,

I mean there are forms of shallow ecology which have humans as the central being of the earth, but if you look at deep ecology it's just that humans are in no way the supreme force of the earth and we are subject to things like die-off. Some of the whims of nature, we are not totally above that, so if you start to equate more animal species, like if you stop separating humans from other animals, you start to see the morality in the treatment of animals. The veganism argument, which takes vegetarianism to it's logical end, you know the origin of the word vegan you have the first two and the last two letters of vegetarian. . . first two, last three, rather. . . I mean first three, last two, sorry, you have not only not killing animals, which is the ultimate exacting of one's will over another, like I am going to own you, then I am going to kill you for my own means, you also have not having any animal-derived products, which usually most industries that are geared towards producing animals products, whether it be dairy, or whether it be clothing or whether it be, you know, products that are tested on animals, there's a form of institutionalized cruelty with that wherein the animals are...

SS: We only have really twenty minutes because this has to be transcribed, so let's let somebody else...

AV: Right, sorry

SS: so Kyle, how about you? Why are you a vegan?

KS: um, I think, brains, Just because animals have brains and we have brains too, so we shouldn't eat things that have brains or are made from brains.

SS: what if the brain's very small?

KS: no, it's not a matter of what size it is, 'cause what matters is how many wrinkles there are in the brain for how smart you are.

SS: What if it's a bumblebee?

KS: That... the bumblebee brain has a lot of wrinkles.

SS: what about you?

JB: Um, I became vegan, also because of animals,

I love animals. I don't think it's fair to... basically a lot of what Andy said I agree with fully. Another reason that nobody has mentioned yet is just the environmental impacts of farming and raising animals for human consumption. It takes, I don't want to get into all the details about it, but it takes its hold on our planet, raising animals just for human consumption, I don't think it's terribly -- just because of the way I lived when I ate meat, and when I became vegetarian about a year and a half ago, I've been vegan for four months. Just the way I used to eat, when I ate meat was just -- It completely wasn't healthy. Even when I was vegetarian, I found I was substituting meat for a lot of other animal products, like stuff that were heavy egg and cheese content... and other dairy products. I ended up switching to veganism just because I didn't want to support industries, like, I didn't want to support the dairy industry, I didn't want to support the meat industries, I just didn't want to be part of this because I don't think it's healthy for people to be -- I'm, I, I don't know how everybody else feels about this, I try not to judge people for eating meat or dairy products. I try not to take the angle where I feel better than everyone else because I'm not taking part of it, because I'm not. I just don't think it's healthy, I think people would be a lot happier and healthier if they, even if they ate less meat and less animal products. I feel like eating meat and dairy every single meal, it can't be good for you.

AV: Just a quick extension on something you said, you talked about the environmental effect. Secondary nutrient consumption, which is what happens when one consumes meat, because the meat product, what it once was, say a cow, whatever, a pig, is a primary consumer, it consumes grain, it corn, whatever it may be. If you eat the meat, it's a secondary consumption of those nutrients, so it's actually less efficient. It's a ten to one ratio in terms of livestock, say ten Kg of grain for one Kg of meat, that's the actual ratio. It's wasteful in terms of the raw material that could be made available immediately for food.

KS: it's a big problem with flatness, too because you need flat earth in order to grow grains, and there's not a whole lot of flat earth left, from feeding the cows...

SS: How about you, Libby? What...

LR: Well, my eat -- I guess I should describe my eating habits, I've been a meat eater pretty much my whole life, I've been sort of experimenting with vegetarianism for the past semester or so. I did it actually at first as an experiment in willpower because I just wanted to see if I could do it because I was so reliant, I used to eat a lot of meat. And, um, I was like, "Well, let's see if I can go a week without eating meat" and I did and it really wasn't hard at all, which surprised me. So I did, and I just kept not eating meat. I think I was having trouble getting all the nutrients that I needed, and every couple of weeks every month or so, I would get really sick. I was having like, trembling problems, and just like really -- and like energy problems, and I haven't really found a good balance yet, as far as what I eat.

JB: I find whether you eat meat, or you don't or dairy products or any of that, it's important to be conscious of what you're putting in your body. Like you need to be aware of what you're eating, always, and that was one of the things that drew me to veganism in general cause when I was more aware of what I was putting in my body, I just found that, well when you're looking at what you're eating critically, like it's hard to be just like a lazy vegan who eat whatever the vegan option is and doesn't really think about it. Once I started calculating out what I was eating and making sure I was getting everything I needed to stay healthy, I found that energy wasn't a problem. It was when I was vegetarian. When I switched to veganism when I really started to focus on what I was putting into my body. I think you should whether you're a meat-eater or not a meat-eater.

LR: I actually do, people think it's weird, but I actually do write down everything that I eat and I, there's a, there's a -- and I calculate what the nutritional content of what I eat is just sort of because I'm really interested in nutrition and seeing what sort of effect things have on my body, but I think because I'm such a busy person that even though I'm conscious of what I'm putting into my body I don't have the time to do it right. Um, but... yeah well Shalin.

SS: I eat meat pretty shamelessly, I like the taste of animal flesh. It's just something that I enjoy. Basically if I go too long without getting enough protein I realize that there are non-animal protein sources, but I just find I get really sick, I tried being vegetarian for a while and I did, occasionally get tofu and stuff but there was, I had problems with the way it was

being prepared and I'm not eating very much and just basically being weak and sleep about three hours a day more and puking twice a week and I tried it for a month and it didn't quite work. Umm and then I went to this place called Deep Springs which was one of the colleges that I applied to, and I actually saw a cow being slaughtered and they also produce their own milk -- a cup a person a day -- and it gave me insight into the whole production process, and I still eat meat after viewing that and I feel like as long as you can confront the truth about what's going on with it then it's alright.

LR: That sort of brings up an interesting issue that I wanted to talk about because for me, I guess a big reason behind my motivation for wanting to be vegetarian and maybe in the future vegan is you know these environmental issues. It's not quite so much and issue of killing animals is wrong, it's sort of, you know the quality of life of the animal is a lot more important to me than whether or not they're actually killed for consumption in the end. Um, so I guess I wanted to talk a little bit about local farming and more sustainable methods of producing animal products for consumption, and why you guys don't see just choosing carefully your sources of animal products for consumption.

KS: Personally I don't see, I just take issue with eating things that eat other things. Because with our environment being the way it is today, when animals eat food it get processed in such a way that it leaves like bits of metal in their bodies and they pass, I don't know if you all heard about this, I read it in Discovery magazine, but they pass magnets through cows now in order to get rid of all the metal that they eat because they just eat so much metal just lying around everywhere. It's just like. I personally find that it's really difficult and we just need to stay aware of the environment.

AV: Yeah I mean I live by a general uh I guess I don't want to call it a philosophy but a maxim I suppose that beings should not be treated as a either a commodity or a property meaning that no one should have caged animals that produce dairy products such as chickens and no one should have ownership over an animal like a commodity, and if you look at the way the meat industry is run, um, a lot of people if we weren't in such a commodity economy would see the problems with meat consumption, but I think a lot of people defend it more because of the

fact that it's a lucrative business operation and that often time blinds people, those in control anyways, from seeing the ills of it.

SS: Well, I don't -- I pay money for it because it's delicious.

AV: yeah you not personally, but someone in charge of the production or something. Like someone that works in the...

SS: canning industry.

AV: Well, I mean I try not to... I don't overindulge in.

LR: what about free-range eggs from the farm next door.

AV: I meant that is better, the problem with free range is the definition can mean anything from as great as they get to roam to as horrible as they can spread their wings in a cage and the definition doesn't leave a lot of accountability for those that adopt the definition because it is so broad and I think that needs to be redefined.

LR: okay, semantics aside, would you have a problem with eating eggs from chickens that could like wander around their area freely, that were never in cages, and there's also a problem with like killing roosters because you know they don't lay eggs and they don't eat them, but all that stuff aside like if chickens were just allowed to go about being chickens would you have a problem with eating eggs?

AV: I personally would because I'm set in my diet frame now, I don't require eggs, I don't desire eggs, and I personally wouldn't consume them. I would be more okay with such a practice, but there still is in that still life, the problem of having own -- I mean this is an extreme view I don't think a lot of people would see things this way, but the kind of ownership over animals and the limitation of their autonomy, I mean keeping the chicken, yes they're free range, but keeping them in a certain area that they're confined to, and having them produce eggs on some kind of schedule that wouldn't happen naturally, I still would have a problem with that.

LR: Take it further. Say you found some eggs in the woods. I mean...

AV: Again, I wouldn't because I have no desire to.

LR: Yeah but like, philosophically.

AV: Yah, I guess that's just not sustainable so it couldn't be like a market commodity.

SS: This might be too personal, but what are the vegans' position on abortion?

AV: Ok I'll go first. I'm radically, I mean not radically, but I'm very pro-choice, and my position on that and the way I see it is, that until the fetus can possibly live on it's own, it is not a separate being and it is dependent on the mother and until that is no longer the case it is not a separate being and it is not cruelty to end that being's life and I think I put more, I definitely put more uh importance on the well- the ultimate well-being of the child and the mother than a fetus which although may be developed in some way it certainly is not capable of independently living, it is wholly dependent on the mother at most points during its development and if the abortion is completed during those points you are not really killing something you are ending a symbiotic relationship between, actually It's a parasitic relationship if you really want to get down to it.

KS: Honestly I think that I don't know I've always had some issues with the idea of fetuses and I don't know about y'all, but would you be willing to eat fetal eggs?

SS: Yeah because like unfertilized chicken eggs...

KS: You were talking about finding eggs in the woods, would you be willing to eat tree eggs?

LR: Well, eating like Robin eggs doesn't sound too appealing, you know, but I think I wouldn't want to eat anything I could see something like a fetus growing in. That's kinda disturbing.

KS: What if it was fetal tree?

LR: Like what do you mean? Like a seed? No I mean, I.. do you have a problem eating seeds?

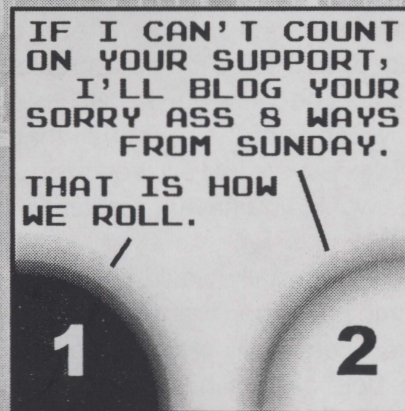
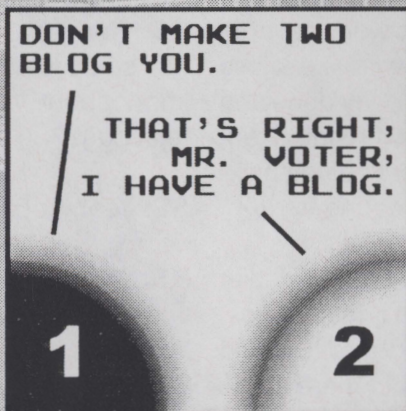
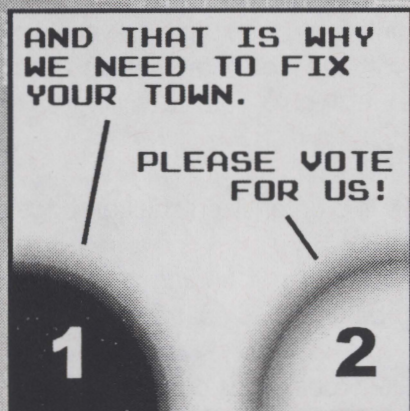
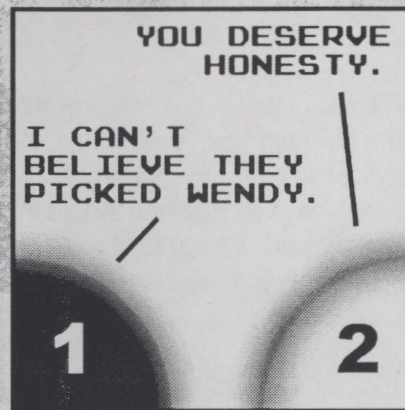
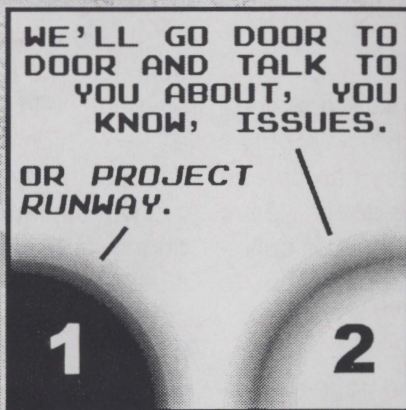
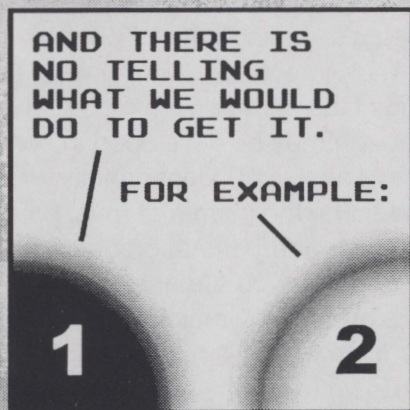
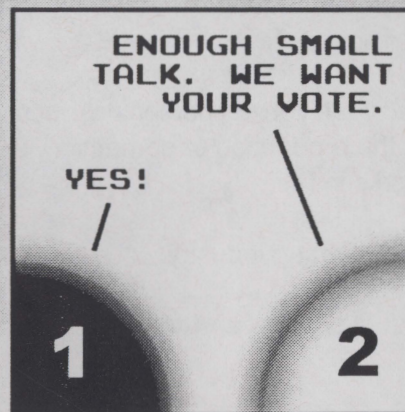
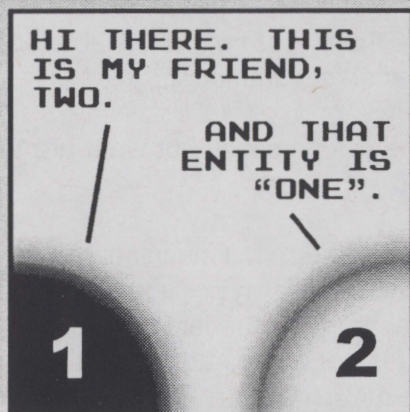
KS: No, they're plants. They don't have brains.

To Be Continued . . . (I)



ONE and TWO run for MAYOR

Death To The Extremist
CCLXXXVIII by M. Zole



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